PRAYERS OR Medytacions, wherein the mynd is stirred, pacientlye to suffre all afflictions here, to set at nought the vayne prosperitee of this worlde, and alwaie to longe for the euerlastynge felicitee: Collected out of holy wourkes by the most vertuous and gracious Princesse Katherine quene of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande.

Anno dñi 1547.

¶ If ye be risen againe with CHRISTE, seeke the thinges, whiche ar aboue, where CHRISTE sitteth on the ryght hande of god. Sette your affection on thynges that are aboue: and not on thynges, whiche are on the earthe.

MOste benigne lorde Jesu, grant me thy grace, that it maie alwaie worke in me, and perseuer with me vnto the ende.

Graunt me, that I maie euer desyre and will that, whiche is moste pleasaunt, and moste acceptable to the.

Thy will be my will, and my wil be to folowe alwaie thy wil.

Let there be alwaie in me one will, and one desyre with the, and that I haue no desyre to will, or not to will, but as thou wilte.

Lorde, thou knowest what thyng is moste profitable, and moste expedient for me.

Geue therefore what thou wilte, as muche as thou wilte,

and whan thou wilte.

Do with me what thou wilte, as it shal please the, and as shal be moste to thyne honour.

Put me where thou wilt, and freely dooe with me in all thynges after thy will.

Thy creature I am, and in thy handes, leade and turne me where thou wilte.

Lo, I am thy seruaunt, ready to all thynges, that thou commaundest: For I desire not to liue to my selfe, but to the.

Lorde Iesu, I praie the grant me grace, that I neuer sette my herte on the thynges of this worlde, but that all worldly and carnall affections maie vtterly die and be mortified in me.

Grant me aboue all thynges, that

that I maie rest in the, and fully quiet and pacifie my hert in the.

For thou Lorde, art the veraie true peace of herte, and the perfect rest of the soule: and without the, all thynges be greuous and vnquiete.

My lorde Jesu, I beseche the, bee with me in euery place, and at all tymes, and leat it be to me a speciall solace, gladly for thy loue to lacke all worldly solace.

And if thou withdraw thy comforte from me at any tyme, kepe me, O lorde, from desperacion, and make me pacientlye to abyde thy will and ordinaunce.

O lorde Jesu, thy iudgementes bee righteouse, and thy prouidence is muche better for me, than all that I can imagine or

deuise.

Wherfore dooe with me in all thynges as it shall please the: for it maie not bee but well, all that thou dooest.

If thou wilte that I bee in lyght, bee thou blessed: if thou wilt that I bee in darkenesse, be thou also blessed.

If thou voucheſafe to comfort me, be thou highly blessed: if thou wilte I liue in trouble, and withoute comforte, be thou likewyse euer blessed.

Lorde, geue me grace gladly to suffre what so euer thou wylte shall fall vpon me, and paciently to take at thy hande good and badde, bitter and swete, ioye and sorowe: and for all thynges that shall befalle vnto

vnto me, hertily to thanke the.

Keepe me (lorde) from synne, and I shall than neither dreade death, nor hell.

O what thankes ought I to gyue vnto the, whiche hast suffered the greuouse deathe of the Crosse, to delyuer me from my synnes, and to obteyne euerlastyng life for me:

Thou gauest vs most perfect example of pacience: fulfillyng and obeiyng the wille of thy father euen vnto the death.

Make me wretched sinner, obedientely to vse my selfe after thy will in all thynges, and pacientely to beare the burdeyne of this corruptible life.

For though this lyfe bee tedious, and as an heuy burdein to

my soule: yet neuertheleſſe thorough thy grace, and by example of the, it is nowe made muche more easy, and comfortable than it was before thy incarnacion and passion.

Thy holy life is our waye to the, and by folowyng of the, we walke to the, that arte our head and Sauiour: And yet excepte thou haddest gone before, and shewed vs the waie to euerlastyng life, who would endeuour hym selfe to folowe the? seyng we be yet so slowe and dulle, hauyng the light of thy blessed example and holy doctrine, to lede and directe vs.

O lorde Iesu, make that possible by grace, that is to me impossible by nature.

Thou

Thou knowest well, that I maie litle suffre, and that I am anone cast downe and ouerthrowen with a litle aduersitee: wherfore I beseche the, O lorde, to strengthen me with thy spirite, that I maie willyngly suffre for thy sake all maner of trouble and affliction.

Lorde, I will knowlage vnto the, all mine vnrighteousnesse, and I will confesse to the, all the vnstablenesse of my herte.

Oftētimes a veraie litle thing troubleth me sore, and maketh me dull and slowe to serue the.

And sometyme I purpose to stande strongly, but whan a littell trouble cometh, it is to me great anguishe and griefe, and of a right littell thyng ryseth a

greuous temptacion to me.

Yea whan I thynke my selfe to be sure and stronge, and that (as it semeth) I haue the vpper hande: sodeynly I feele my selfe readie to fall with a littell blaste of temptacion.

Beholde therfore good Lorde, my weakenesse, and consider my frailnesse, best knowen to the.

Haue mercy on me, and deliuer me frome all iniquitee and synne, that I bee not intangled therwith.

Oftentymes it grieueth me sore, and in maner confoundeth me, that I am so vnstable, so weake, and so fraile in resistyng synfull mocions.

Whiche although they drawe me not alwaie to consent, yet ne-

uer

uer the lesse their assaultes bee verate greuous vnto me.

And it is tedious to me, to liue in suche battaile, all be it I perceyue, that suche battaile is not vnprofitable vnto me. For therby I knowe the better my selfe, and mine owne infirmitees, and that I muste seke helpe only at thy handes.

O lorde god of Israel, the louer of all faithful soules, vouchsafe to beholde the labour and sorow of me thy poore creature.

Assiste me in all thynges with thy grace, and so strengthe me with heuenly strength, that neither my cruell enemy the fiende, neither my wretched flesche (whiche is not yet subiecte to the spirite) haue victorie or dominion

ouer me.

O what a life maie this be called, where no trouble nor miserie lacketh? where euery place is full of snares of mortall ennemies?

For one trouble or temptacion ouerpassed, an other cometh by and by, and the fyrst conflict yet duryng, a newe battaile sodainly ariseth.

Wherfore Lorde Jesu, I praie the, geue me the grace to rest in the aboue all thynges, and to quiete me in the aboue all creatures, aboue all glorie and honour, aboue al dignitee and power, aboue all cunning and policie, aboue all health and beautie, aboue all rychesse and treasure, aboue all ioye and pleasure

ſure, aboue all faine and prayſe, aboue all myrthe and conſolacion that mans herte maie take or feele beſydes the.

For thou lorde god, art beſte, moſte wiſe, moſte highe, moſte nightie, moſte ſufficient, and moſte full of all goodnes, moſt ſweete, and moſte comfortable, moſte faire, moſte louyng, moſt noble, moſte glorious, in whom all goodneſſe moſte perfectly is.

And therefore what ſo euer I haue beſide the, it is nothing to me: for my hert maie not reſt, ne fully be pacified, but only in the.

O Lorde Jeſu, moſte louyng ſpouſe; who ſhall geue me wynges of perfect loue, that I maie flie vp from theſe worldly myſeries, and reſte in the?

O,

O, whan shal I ascende to the, and see, and feele howe sweete thou arte:

Whan shall I wholly gather my selfe in the, so perfectly, that I shall not for thy loue feele my selfe, but the onely aboue my selfe, and aboue al worldly thinges, that thou maiest vouchesafe to visite me in suche wise, as thou doest visite thy most faithfull louers.

Howe I often mourne and complain of the miseries of this life, and with sorowe and great heauinesse suffre theim.

For many thynges happen daiely to me, whiche oftentimes trouble me, make me heuy, and darken mine vnderstandyng,

They hynder me greatly, and put

put my mynde from the, and so encumbze me many waies, that I can not freely, and clerely desyze the, ne haue thy swete consolacions, whiche with thy blessed sainctes be alwaie pzesent.

I beseche the, Lozde Jesu, that the sighynges and inwarde desires of my hert maie moue and incline the, to here me.

O Jesu, kyng of euerlastyng glozie, the ioy and comfozt of all chzisten people; that are wandzyng as pilgrims in the wilderneſſe of this wozlde: my hert crieth to the by still desires, and my silence speaketh vnto the, and saieth: Howe longe tarieth my Lozde god to come to me?

Come, O lozde, and visite me, foz without the, I haue no true ioye,

lose without the, my soule is he=uie and sadde.

I am in prison, and bounden with fetters of sorowe, till thou, O Lord, with thy gracious pre=sence vouchesafe to visite me, and to bringe me again to liber=tee and ioye of spirite, and to shewe thy fauourable counte=naunce vnto me.

Open my herte, Lorde, that I maie beholde thy lawes, and tea che me to walke in thy comman=dementes.

Make me to knowe and fo=lowe thy will, and to haue al=waies in my remembraunce thy manyfolde benefyttes, that I maie yelde due thankes to the for theim.

But I knowlage and confesse

for

for trouthe, that I am not able to geue the condigne thankes for the leaste benefite that thou haste geuen me.

O Lorde, all gyftes and vertues, that any man hath in body or soule, naturall or supernaturall, be thy gyftes, and come of the, and not of our selfe, and they declare the great richesse of thy mercy and goodnesse vnto vs.

And thoughe some haue mo gyftes than other, yet they all procede from the, and without the, the least can not be had.

O Lorde, I accoumpt it for a great benefite, not to haue many worldly gyftes, whereby the laude and praise of men myghe blynd my soule, and deceiue me.

Lorde I knowe, that no man ought to be abasshed or miscontent, that he is in a lowe estate in this worlde, and lacketh the pleasures of this lyfe: but rather to bee gladde and reioyce thereat.

For so muche as thou haste chosen the poore and meke persons, and suche as are despised in the worlde, to be thy seruantes and familiar frendes.

Witnesse be thy blessed Apostles, whome thou madest chiefe pastours and spirituall gouernours of thy flocke, whyche departed from the counsaile of the Jewes, reioysyng that thei were coũted worthy to suffre rebuke for thy name.

Euen so, O lorde, grant, that

I

I thy seruaunt maie be as well content, to be taken as the least, as other bee to be greatest, and that I be as wel pleased, to be in the lowest place, as in the hyest, and as glad to be of no reputacion in the worlde for thy sake, as other are to be noble and famouse.

Lorde, it is the worke of a perfect man, neuer to sequester his mynde frome the, and amonge many worldelye cares, to goe without care: not after the maner of an ydle or a dissolute persone, but by the prerogatiue of a free mynde, alwaie myndyng heauenly thynges, and not cleauyng by inordinate affection to any creature.

I beseche the therfore, my lorde

Jesu, keepe me from the superfluous cares of this worlde, that I be not inquieted with bodily necessitees, ne that I be not taken with the voluptuous pleasures of the worlde, ne of the flesshe.

Preserue me from all thynges whiche hyndre my soule health, that I be not ouerthrowen with theim.

O Lorde God, whiche arte swetenesse vnspeakable, tourne into bitternesse to me all worldly and flesshely delites, whiche mought drawe me from the loue of eternall thynges, to the loue of shorte and vile pleasures.

Leat not flesche and bloude ouercome me, ne yet the worlde with his vaynglorie deceiue me,

nor

nor the fiende, with his many-folde craftes supplant me: but geue me gostly strength in resistyng theim, pacience in sufferyng theim, and constaunce in perseueryng to the ende.

Geue me, for all worldly delectacions, the moste swete consolacion of thy holy spirite, and for all flesshely loue, indue my soule with feruent loue of the.

Make me stronge inwardely in my soule and caste out therof all vnprofitable cares of this worlde, that I bee not ledde by vnstable desires of earthly thynges, but that I maie repute all thynges in this worlde (as they be) transitorie, and soone vanishyng awaie, and my selfe also with theim, drawynge towarde

myne ende.

For nothyng vnder the ſonne maie longe abide, but all is vanitee and affliction of ſpirite.

Geue me (lorde) therfore heauenly wyſedome, that I maie learne to ſeke, and finde the, and aboue all thynges to loue the.

Geue me grace, to withdrawe me frome theim that flatter me, and pacientely to ſuffre theim that vniuſtly greue me.

Lorde, whan temptacion or tribulacion cometh, vouchſafe to ſuccour me, that all maie tourne to my goſtely comforte, and pacientely to ſuffre, and alwaie to ſaie, Thy name bee bleſſed.

Lorde, trouble is nowe at hande, I am not well, but I am

great-

greatelye vexed with this pre-
sent affliction. O moste glori-
ous father, what shall I doo? a-
nguishe and trouble are on e-
uery syde, helpe now, I beseche
the, in this houre: thou shalte
be lauded and praised, whan I
am perfectly made meke before
the, and whan I am clerely de-
lyuered by the.

Wate it therfore please the, to
delyuer me: for what maie I
moste synfull wretche dooe? or
whither maie I go for succour,
but to the?

Geue me pacience now at this
tyme in all my troubles, helpe
me, lorde god, and I shall not
feare ne dreade, what troubles
so euer fall vpon me.

And nowe, what shall I saie,

but that thy will be doen in me, I haue deserued to be troubled and greued: and therfore it behoueth, that I suffre as longe as it pleaseth the.

But woulde to God, that I might suffre gladly, tyll the furious tempestes were ouerpassed, and that quietnesse of herte might come agayne.

Thy myghtie hande, Lorde, is stronge enough, to take this trouble from me, and to assuage the cruell assaultes therof, that I be not ouercome with theim, as thou haste oftentimes dooen before this tyme, that whan I am clerely deliuered by the, I maie with gladnesse saie:

The ryght hande of him that is hyghest, hath made this chaunge.

Lorde

Lorde, grant me thy singular grace, that I maie come thither, where no creature shall leat me, ne kepe me from the perfect beholdyng of the.

For as longe as any transitorie thyng keepeth me backe, or hath rule in me, I maie not freely ascende to the.

O lorde, without the, nothyng maie longe delite or please: For if any thyng should be lykyng and sauorie, it muste be through helpe of thy grace, seloned with the spice of thy wisedome.

O euerlastyng lyght, farre passing al thinges, sende doune the beames of thy brightenesse from aboue, and purifye and lighten the inwarde partes of my herte.

Quicken my ſoule, and all the powers thereof, that it maie cleaue faſt, and be ioyned to the in ioyefull gladneſſe of goſtely tauſhynges.

O, whan ſhall that bleſſed houre come, that thou ſhalt vi-ſite me, and gladde me with thy bleſſed pzeſence, whan thou ſhalt be to me all in all: verily vntil that tyme come, there can bee no perfecte ioy in me.

But alas, mine olde man, that is my carnal affections, liue ſtil in me, and are not crucified, noz perfectly deade.

Foz yet ſtriueth the fleſſhe a-gainſte the ſpirite, and moueth great battaill inwardly againſt me, and ſuffereth not thy kyng-dome of my ſoule to lyue in peace.

peace.

But thou, good Lorde, that haste the lordeshyp ouer all, and power of the sea, to assuage the rages and surges of the same, arise and helpe me, destroie the power of mine ennemies, whiche alwaies make battaill against me, shewe forth the greatnesse of thy goodnesse: and leat the power of thy right hande be glorified in me. For there is to me none other hope nor refuge, but in the onely, my Lorde, my God, to the be honour and glorie euerlastyng.

O lorde, grant me, that I maie wholly resigne my selfe to the, and in al thinges to forsake my selfe, and paciently to beare my crosse, and to folowe the.

O Lorde, what is man, that thou vouchsafest to haue mynd of hym? and to visite hym?

Thou arte alwaie one, alwaie good, alwaie rightous and holy, iustely and blessedly disposyng all thynges after thy wisedome.

But I am a wretche, and of my self alwaie ready and prone to euil, and dooe neuer abyde in one state, but many tymes dooe vary and chaunge.

Neuertheless it shall be better with me, whan it shall please the, for thou, O lorde, onely art he, that maiest helpe me, and thou maiest so confirme and stablishe me, that my hert shal not be chaunged from the, but bee surely fixed, and finally rest and

be

be quieted in the.

I am nothyng els of my selfe but vanitee before the, an vnconstant creature and a feeble: and therefore, whereof maie I rightfully glorie: or why should I loke to be magnified.

Who so pleaseth hym selfe without the, displeaseth the: and he that deliteth in mannes praisynges, loseth the true praise before the.

The true praise is to be praised of the: And the true ioye is, to reioyce in the.

Wherfore thy name (O lorde) be praised, and not myne.

Thy woorkes bee magnified and not myne, and thy goodnes be alwaies lauded and blessed.

Thou arte my glorie and the

ioye

ioye of my herte, in the shall I glorie and reioyce, and not in my selfe, nor in any worldly honour or dignitee, whiche to thy eternal glorie compared, is but a shadowe and verie vanitee.

O Lorde, we liue here in great darknesse, and are soone deceyued with the vanitees of this worlde, and are soone greeued with a littell trouble: yet if I coulde beholde my selfe well, I shoulde playnely see, that what trouble so euer I haue suffered, it hath iustly comen vppon me, because I haue often synned, and greuously offended the.

To me therfore confusion and despite is due: but to the, laude, honour, and glorie.

Lorde, sende me helpe in my trou-

troubles, for mannes helpe is littell woorthe.

Howe often haue I been dis-poynted, where I thought I should haue founde frendshyp: And howe often haue I founde it, where as I least thought: wherfore it is a vayne thyng, to truste in man: For the true trust and health of man, is onely in the.

Blessed be thou lorde, therfore in all thynges, that happeneth vnto vs: For we be weake and vnstable, soone deceyued, and soone changed from one thyng to an other.

O Lorde god, most rightous iudge, strouge and pacient, whiche knowest the fraulte and malice of man, bee thou my whole

strength

ſtrength and comfoꝛte in all ne-
ceſſitees: foꝛ myne owne conſci-
ence (loꝛde) ſuffiſeth not.

Wherfoꝛe to thy mercie I do appeale, ſeyng no man maie bee iuſtified, ne appeere rightous in thy ſight, if thou examine hym after thy iuſtice.

O bleſſed mauſion of thy hea-
uenly citee: O moſt cleareſt daie of eternitee, whome the nyght maie neuer darken.

This is the daie alwaie clere and mery, alwaie ſure, and ne-
uer chaungyng his ſtate.

Wold to God this daie might ſhoꝛtly appeere and ſhyne vpon vs, and that this woꝛldely fan-
taſies were at an ende.

This daie ſhyneth cleerely to thy ſainctes in heuen with euer
laſtyng

lastyng bryghtnesse, but to bs pilgrims in earthe, it shyneth obscurely, and as thrcughe a mirrour or glasse.

The heauenly citesins knowe, howe ioyouse this daie is: but we outlawes, the chyldren of Eue, wepe and waile the bitter tediousnesse of oure daie, that is of this present lyfe, shorte and euil, ful of sorowe and anguishe.

Where man is often tymes defiled with synne, encumbred with affliction, inquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, busied with vanitees, blinded with errous, ouercharged with labours, vexed with temptacions, ouercome with vaine delites and pleasures of the worlde, and greuously tormented with

penurie and neede.

O, when shall the ende come of all these miseries?

When shall I bee clerely delyuered from the bondage of synne?

When shal I (Lorde) haue only mynde on the, and fully bee glad and merry in the?

When shall I bee free without lettyng, and bee in perfecte libertee without greefe of bodie and soule?

When shall I haue peace without trouble? peace within and without? and on euery syde sted fast and sure?

O Lorde Iesu whan shall I stande and beholde the? and haue full sight and contemplacion of thy glorie?

Whan

Whan shalte thou be to me all in all: and whan shal I be with the in thy kyngdome, that thou hast ordeyned for thine elect people from the begynnyng:

I am lefte here poore, and as an outlawe, in the lande of mine ennemies, where daiely be battailes and great mistortunes.

Comforte myne exile, assuage my sorowe, for all my desyre is to be with the.

It is to me an vnpleasant burdeyne, what pleasure so euer the worlde offereth me here.

I desyre to haue inwarde fruicion in the, but I can not atteyn therto.

I coueite to cleaue fast to heauenly thynges, but worldly affections pluck my minde doune

warde.

I wolde subdue all yuell affections, but they daily rebel and ryse agaynste me, and will not be subiecte vnto my spirite.

Thus I wretched creature, fight in my selfe, and am greuouse to my selfe, whyle my spirite desireth to be vpward, and contrarie, my flesshe draweth me downe warde.

O, what suffre I inwardly? I go aboute to mynd heauenly thynges, and streight a great raable of worldely thoughtes tusshe into my soule.

Therfore lord, be not longe away, ne departe not in thy wrath from me.

Sende me the lyght of thy grace, destroie in me all carnall

desi-

desyres.

Sende foorthe the hotte flames of thy loue, to bourne and consume the cloudy fantasies of my mynde.

Gather, O lorde, my wittes and the powers of my soule together in the, and make me to dispise all worldly thinges, and by thy grace strongely to resist and ouercome all mocions and occasions of synne.

Helpe me, thou euerlastyng trouthe, that no worldely gyle nor vanitee hereafter haue power to decepue me.

Come also thou heuenly swetenesse, and leat all bitternesse of synne flee farre from me.

Pardon me, and forgeue me, as oft as in my praier my mind

is not surely fixed on the.

For many tymes I am not there where I stande or syt: but rather there, whither my thoughtes carie me.

For there I am, where my thought is, and there as customably is my thought, there is that that I loue.

And that oftentymes cometh into my mynde, that by custome pleaseth me best, and that delighteth me most to thynke vpon.

Accordyngly as thou dooest saie in thy gospell.

Where as a mans treasure is, there is his herte.

Wherfore if I loue heauen, I speake gladly therof, and of such thynges as bee of god, and of that that aperteyneth to his ho-

nour

nour, and to the glorifyng of his holy name.

And if I loue the worlde, I loue to talke of worldly thynges and I ioye anone in worldely felicitee, and sorowe and lament soone for worldly aduersitee.

If I loue the flesshe, I imagine oftentymes that that pleaseth the flesshe.

If I loue my soule, I delite muche to speake and to here of thynges, that be for my soule helthe.

And what so euer I loue, of that I gladly here and speake, and beare the ymages of theim still in my minde.

Blessed is that man, that for the loue of the, Lord, setteth not by the pleasures of this worlde,

and lerneth truely to ouercome hym selfe, and with the feruour of spirite crucifieth his flesshe, so that in a clene and a pure conscience, he mate offre his prayers to the, and be accepted to haue compame of thy blessed angeles, all earthely thynges excluded from his herte.

Lorde, and holy father, bee thou blessed, nowe and euer: for as thou wilte, so is it dooen, and that thou dooest, is alwaie beste.

Leat me thy humble and vnworthy seruaunt, ioye onely in the, and not in my selfe, ne in any thyng els beside the.

For thou, Lorde, arte my gladnesse, my hope, my crowne, and all myne honour.

What

What hath thy seruaunt, but that he hathe of the, and that without his deserte?

All thynges be thyne, thou haste create and made theim.

I am pooze, and haue been in trouble and peine euer from my youth, and my soule hath been in great heauinesse thzough manykolde passions, that come of the wozlde and of the flesshe.

Wherfoze, Lozde, I desyze, that I maie haue of the, the ioy of inwarde peace.

I aske of the, to come to that reste, whiche is ozdeined foz thy chosen chyldzen, that bee fedde and nouriſshed with the lighte of heauenly comfoztes: Foz without thy healpe, I can not come to the.

Lorde, geue me peace, geue me inwarde ioye, and than my soule shall be full of heauenly melodie, and bee deuoute and feruent in thy laudes and prai-synges.

But if thou withdrawe thy selfe from me (as thou haste sometyme doen) than maie not thy seruaunte renne the waie of thy commandementes, as I did before.

For it is not with me, as it was, whan the lanterne of thy goostly presence dyd shyne vpon my head, and I was defended vnder the shadowe of thy wynges from all perilles and daungers.

O merciful Lord Iesu, euer to be praised, the time is come, that thou

thou wilt proue thy seruaunt, and ryghtfull is it, that I shall now suffre somewhat for the.

Nowe is the houre comen, that thou haste knowen from the begynnyng, that thy seruant for a tyme shuld outwardly bee set at naught, and inwardely to leane to the.

And that he shulde be despised in the sight of the worlde, and bee broken with affliction, that he maie after arise with the in a newe light, and be clarified and made glorious in thy kyngdom of heauen.

O holy father, thou haste ordeined it so to be, and it is dooen as thou haste commaunded.

This is thy grace (O lorde) to thy friende, to suffre hym to bee trou-

troubled in this worlde for thy loue, howe often so euer it bee, and of what persone so euer it bee, and in what maner so euer thou wilte suffre it to falle vnto hym: for without thy will or sufferance, what thyng is dooen vpon earthe:

It is good to me (O lorde) that thou hast mekened me, that I maie therby learne to knowe thy rightous iudgementes, and to put from me al maner of presumpcion and statelynesse of herte.

It is veraie profitable for me, that confusion hath couered my face, that I maie learne therby rather to seeke to the for helpe and succour than to man.

I haue therby lerned to dread thy

thy secrete and terrible iudgementes, whiche scourgest the rightous with the synner, but not without equitee and iustice.

Lorde, I yelde thankes to the, that thou haste not spared my synnes, but haste punisched me with scourges of loue, and hast sente me affliction and anguisshes within and without.

No creature vnder heauen maie comfort me but thou lorde God, the heuenly leache of mannes soule, whiche strikest and healest, whiche bryngest a man nygh vnto deathe, and after restorest hym to lyfe againe, that he maie therby learne to knowe his owne weakenesse and imbecillitee, and the more fully to truste in the (Lorde.)

Thy

Thy discipline is laied vpon me, and thy rodde of correction hath taught me, and vnder that rodde I wholly submitte me.

Strike my backe and my bones as it shall please the, and make me to bowe my croked wil vnto thy will.

Make me a meke and an humble disciple, as thou hast sometyme done with me, that I maie walke after thy will.

To the I committe my selfe to be corrected: for better it is to be corrected by the heere, than in tyme to come.

Thou knowest all thynges, and nothyng is hid from the, that is in mans conscience.

Thou knowest all thynges to come, before thei fall, and it is not

not nedefull, that any man teache the, or warne the of any thyng that is dooen vpon the earthe.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, and howe muche tribulacions helpen to purge awaie the ruste of sinne in me.

Dooe with me after thy pleasure, I am a synfull wretch, to none so well knowen as to the.

Graunt me (Lorde) that to knowe, that is necessary to bee knowen: that to loue, that is to bee loued: that to desire, that pleaseth the: that to regarde, that is precious in thy syght: and that to refuse, that is vile before the.

Suffre me not to iudge thy misteries after my outward sensis,

ne

ne to geue sentence after the he-
ryng of the ignorant, but by
true iudgement to discerne thyn
ges spirituall, and aboue all
thynges alwaie to serche and
folowe thy will and pleasure.

O Lorde Jesu, thou arte all
my richesse, and all that I haue,
I haue it of the.

But what am I (Lorde) that
I dare speake to the: I am thy
poore creature, and a woorme
moste abiecte.

Behold, Lord, I haue nought,
and of my selfe I am nought
woorthe, thou arte onely God,
rightous and holy, thou ordere-
est all thynges, thou geuest
all thynges, and thou fulfyl-
lest all thynges with good-
nesse.

I am

I am a synner, barreine and voide of godly vertue.

Remembre thy mercies, and fill my herte with plentie of thy grace, for thou wilt not that thy woorkes in me shulde be made in vaine.

Howe maie I beare the miserie of this lyfe, except thy grace and mercie doe comforte me?

Tourne not thy face from me, deferre not thy visityng of me, ne withdraw not thy comfortes, lest happely my soule be made as drie earth without the water of grace.

Teache me lorde, to fulfyll thy wyll, to lyue meekely, and worthilye before the, for thou arte all my wysedome and cunnyng, thou arte he, that knowest me

as I am, that knowest me before the worlde was made, and before I was borne or brought into this life, to the (O lorde) be honour, glorie, and prayse for euer and euer. Amen.

✠ Laudes deum in æternum Amen.

¶ A prayer for the kynge.

O LORDE Jesu Christe, moste high, most mighty, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the only tular of princis, the verate sonne of god, on whose ryght hande sittyng, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth

earth: with moſte lowly hertes we beſeche the, vouchſafe, with fauourable regarde, to beholde our moſte gracious ſoueraigne lorde, kyng Edward the.vi. and ſo replenyſh hym with the grace of thy holy ſpirite, that he allwaye incline to thy will, and walke in thy waie. Kepe hym farre of from ignorauunce, but thorough thy gifte leat prudence and knowlage alwaie abounde in his roiall herte: So inſtruct hym (O LORDE IESV) reignyng vpon vs in erthe, that his humaine maieſtee, alwaie obey thy deuine maieſtee in fere and dreade. Indue hym plentifully with heauenly giftes. Graunt hym in health and wealth longe to lyue. Heape glorie and ho-

nour vpon him. Glad him with the ioye of thy countenaunce. So strengthe him, that he maie vanquisshe and ouercome al his and our foes, and be dred and feared of all the enemies of his realme. Amen.

A praier for men to saie entering into battayle.

O ALMIGHTY KYNG and lorde of hostes, which by thy angelles therunto apoynted dooste mynister both warre and peace, and whiche biddest geue vnto Dauid bothe courage and strength, beyng but a littell one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre with

with his ſling to ſette vpon and ouerthrowe the great huge Goliath: our cauſe now being iuſt, and beyng inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we moſte humbly beſeeche the (O Lorde God of hoſtes) ſo to tourne the hertes of our enemies to the deſyre of peace, that no chriſten bloud be ſpilt, or els graunt (O Lorde) that with ſmall effuſion of bloud, and to the litle hurte and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glorie obteine victorie: and that the warres beyng ſone ended, we maie al with one hert and mynde, knitte togither in concord and vnitie, laude and praiſe the: which lyueſt and reigneſt, worlde without ende.

Amen.

A deuoute praier to be daiely saied.

O ALMIGHTIE and eternall god, whiche vouchsafest, that we, as it were heauenly childzen, shulde euery one of vs call the our heauenly Father: Graunt, that amonge vs by pureneſſe and example of innocent lyfe, thy moſt holy name maie bee ſanctified that all other Nacions, beholdyng our goodneſſe and vertuous deedes. that thou woozkeſt in vs, maie be styzed to halowe and glozifie the. Graunt (O Lozde) that the kyngedome of thy grace and mercy mai reigne con-

continually in our hertes, so that we maie bee wooꝛthy, to be partetakers of the Realme of glooꝛie and Maieſtee. Graunt, that vnto the veraie deathe, we refuſe not to folowe thy diuine will, and that we (accoꝛdyng to the eꝛample of the celeſtiall citeſins, agreyng together quietly) vnited in ſpirite, all controuerſie in opinions laied aparte, the luſtes of the fleſſhe beyng ſubdued, and the flattering aſſaultes of the woꝛlde, and the diueil ouercoin, neuer wꝛaſtle againſt thy moſte holy will, but obey it in all thynges. Graunt (O Loꝛde) foꝛ our bodye, needefull ſuſtenaunce, that we maie the moꝛe freely ſerue the. Geue vs, we beſeeche the (O merciefull

father) that heauenly breade, the bodye of thy sonne Jesu Christe, the verate foode and helthe of our soules: Gyue vs the breade of thy diuine precep-tes, that we maie truely walke and lyue after theim. Gyue vs the breade of thy heuenly word, whiche is the stronge buttresse and sure defence of oure soules, that we being wel fedde and fil-led with this foode, maie woor-thyly come to the celestiall feast, where as is no hunger.

Graunt (O lorde) that we pa-ciently beare and suffre our en-nemies, and suche as hurte vs: and willingly to forgeue the of-fences committed agaynst vs: that so we may finde the, Lorde, in forgeuyng vs our trespasse,

mylde

milde and mercifull. Graunt (O Lorde) that we be not vtterly ledde into temptacion, that therby we shoulde be loste: but in all perils of temptacion, and in the middes of the stormy tempestes of tribulacions, leat vs thy children, perceyne and feele thy fatherly succour, readie to helpe vs, lest that we (ouercome with the naughtie craftes and deceiptes of the temptour) shuld be drawen into euerlastyng destruction: But when we be wel assaied, approued, and purged with the fire of temptaciō, than leat vs fynisshe our course, and so wel and valiantly fight, that we maie for euermore lyue with the, in that heuenly Citie, where and ageynst the whiche no ma-

ner temptacion can preuaile.
Finally graunt (moste merciful father) that we, through thy benigne goodnesse, maie be deliuered from al euils present and to come, bothe of body and soule: and that at the laste, the yocke of the foule feende beyng shoken of, we maie possesse the heritage of the heauenly kyngdom, whiche thy sonne, with his precyous bloude bought for vs thy chyldren: and there for euer to haue the fruicion of celestial delectacions, accumpanied with angelles and blessed sainctes, throughout the healpe benignitee and grace of our sauiour IESV CHRISTE: to whome, and to the our father, and to the holy gost, be glorie and honour nowe and

and euer, Amen.

An other praier.

O HEAVENLY FATHER, god almighty, I praie and beseeche thy mercy, benignely to beholde me thy vnwoorthy seruaunt, that I maie by gefte of thy holy spirite, feruently desyre thy kyngedome, that I maie knowe thy wil, and worke therafter. Geue me (O lorde) wysedome: Make me constaunt, pacient, and stronge in the. Keepe me lord, from the sleighty inuasion of the olde wily serpente. Defende me from the counsailes and cursynges of yuell tungues. Let thy mighty arme be my shielde agaynst all the ma-

ligni

lignitee of this wicked wozlde. Remembze not (lozde) myne of=fences: instructe, pzepare me to repent, to be sozie foz my synnes: Make me to loue Justice and hate wzonge, to dooe good, and absteyne from all yuels: that I maie be wozthy, to be called thy chylde. To the bee honour and glozie foz euer and euer. Amen.

A deuoute pzaier.

LORDE, hearken to my wozdes, con sider the thought of myn herte, Be=holde, howe loude I cry vnto the. Let my iust pzai=er enter into thine eares, whiche vnfeignedlye cometh fro myne herte

herte. Heare me lorde: for I am poore, and destitute of mannes helpe. Take care for my soule: saue me thy seruant, which wholly trust in the. Haue mercy vpon me (O lorde) for I will neuer ceasse criyng to the for helpe. For thou arte mylde and more mercifull than my tungue can expresse. As often as aduersitee assaileth me, I will crie and call for helpe vnto the. I will call vppon the in the date tyme: and in the nyght my crie shall not be hydde from the. O thou god of the heauens, the maker of the waters, and lorde of all creatures, here me a poore synner, callyng vpon the, and puttyng my wholle truste in thy mercie. Haue mercie vpon me,

O lorde

(O lorde god) haue mercie vpon me: For thy manyfolde mercies sake, forgeue all myne offences.

Amen.

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